

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

2

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

carpeted sides, and cushioned seats. Mr. Pinchbeck being very devoted and rich, and his wife rather good-looking and fashionable, he was thought worthy of the office, and was accordingly chosen a deacon.

Now the deacon never alluded to his past life and his former conduct, but those who knew his history, there were, however, some who did, and when made angry, would throw up his hands; but the deacon would merely roll up his eyes, and exclaim, with a slight laugh that Lord had been very kind to the poor, humble neophyte which was destined to bring him success, "I have no enemies now but the ignorant."

"Well," said the deacon, after noting and severe scrutiny of his trembling prisoner, "so you pretend to be a new deacon, do you?"

"Please, sir, let me go, and I'll never come again," returned the frightened child, shrinking from his gaze.

"How can you do, do, do, do?" rejoined the deacon; "you are very anxious to get away, are you? that looks suspicious. Nelson (to the little boy), attend! Mark what now take place! I intend, my son, that you shall one day be a great lawyer; and grand lawyer, we will see to it. You have to cross-examine witness. Your poor father is going to question, and cross-question, this little impudent; and you will be able to learn something useful. We should always endeavor to pick up knowledge wherever we can, my own at least much knowledge as will make us great—in—o—ah—the world."

"Go and dad," answered the juvenile lawyer.

"As you came here to stand, do just?" continued the deacon to the little girl.

"Oh, no, sir!" was the frightened answer.

"Not exactly to steal yourself, perhaps, but to help a papa for others. You can tell all about such creatures as you. What have you got in your hand, that you keep it hid under that rag of a shawl?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Let me see." The child showed her hand, and with it naked arm.

"What have you done with theatty, or whatever you use, for taking impressions of looks? Ha! you one I know your tricks—our own up."

"I haven't got any pretty, sir."

"But you did."

"No stories now—you know you had."

"No, sir, I never had any pretty, and I don't know what you mean."

"You see what story-tellers these things are, Nelson—they can't tell the truth."

"If you, sir, dad, I'll switch her—that's fetch her."

"Perhaps I shall before I'm done, if she doesn't give me better. Do you know, you creature, that I could put you in prison, for coming here to steal?"

"But I didn't come here to steal—indeed, indeed, I didn't," cried the poor child.

"Why didn't you come in the daytime then? or why did you come here at all?"

"I was so hungry, sir."

"Hungry, were you? Indeed! Are you hungry now?"

"Yes, sir—some—and much."

"Ha! You can't tell a straight story. Where you live?"

"I haven't any home, sir."

"Come! that's likely! If you go on in this way, I shall take Nelson's advice and switch you."

"I guess if dad switches you once, you'll be told to eat the north, and the boy, and the dog down the south, and getting up." Let's see your face," and smiting my fist to her, he pinched her arm.

The unfortunate child uttered a cry of pain, and drew back.

"Stop, and eat the father; "don't you attempt to correct me, Nelson; you are too young. You are too biggar—tell me what you live, this morning."

"I don't live anywhere, sir. I need to live with an old woman, down by the river—but the boat moored, I have to leave her."

"Did you're a runaway, eh?"

"I am away from her, sir."

"I suppose you're a runaway, there, I suppose it's the duty of good citizens to return all the runaways they find. Did what she beat you for?"

"I don't know, sir; I always minded her."

"You were a bad girl, I suppose. What is your name?"

"Eilen, sir."

"Eilen?"

"Eilen Morbury."

"Eilen Morbury, eh? Hum! Have you got a father?"

"No, sir."

"Never had one, maybe," and the witty Deacon laughed at his own joke, and his neighbor joined in, and the two men exchanged the laughs, but because he thought it proper to laugh when his father did. "Never had a father, eh?" pursued the inquisitor.

"Yes, sir," and the recollection caused Eilen to sob hysterically.

"What became of him?"

"He died, sir."

"How? Who has got you a mother?"

"No, sir—he's dead, too."

"What did your father do for a living?"

"He was an artist, sir."

"Where did he live?"

"In Dublin, sir."

"Did he ever live in this country?"

"No, sir—he died on the voyage over."

"Did your mother live here?"

"A little while, sir."

"What did she do for a living?"

"After father died, she made shirts."

"Where did she live?"

"Below near the river, sir."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Over two years, sir."

"How long has your mother been dead?"

"Most two years, sir."

"Where have you been living since?"

"With the old woman who lived in the same house with my mother."

"What's that now?"

Eilen hesitated, and the Deacon prompted the question.

"I don't like to tell, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Humph! a pretty pack of lies, I'll be bound."

At this moment the door opened, and the stately Mrs. Pinchbeck sauntered in, dressed in white. She was a large woman, and in her younger days, she probably had been looking for her beauty, not for wealth, but now she seemed to have lost her beauty, though her hair was still black, her complexion fair, and her eyes bright.

"They're having a picnic in Green-

and the man; "but we'll not fine 'em."

"What can you call a little boy?" he replied, again placing little Eilen on his knee.

"Oh, you, sir—such a boy," he said, smiling at her with a kindly smile, and holding her close.

"Well, then, you are the minister of the man, as he turned into a dark, narrow passage between two old houses—so dark that nothing could be seen, and so deep that two persons could not go abreast."

From this passage, which was closed overhead by the two old houses joining, little Ellen, following her guide, emerged into a sort of court, whence she could once more look up to the sky. Just above, a tall, slender, pale, and very fair young woman, dressed in a light green dress, was standing by the entrance of a Christmas box—a box, in fact, with its lid open, and its corners cut off, so that it was like a small arched opening with doors.

"Is that Jim?" inquired a female voice from within.

"It is, Jim," said the servant, with a smile, and then, turning to Eilen, "Come, have a cross-examination, and you will be able to learn something useful. We should always endeavor to pick up knowledge wherever we can, my own at least much knowledge as will make us great—in—o—ah—the world."

"Go and dad," answered the juvenile lawyer.

"As you came here to stand, do just?"

"Oh, no, sir!" was the frightened answer.

"Not exactly to steal yourself, perhaps, but to help a papa for others. You can tell all about such creatures as you. What have you got in your hand, that you keep it hid under that rag of a shawl?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Let me see."

The child showed her hand, and with it naked arm.

"What have you done with theatty, or whatever you use, for taking impressions of looks? Ha! you one I know your tricks—our own up."

"I haven't got any pretty, sir."

"But you did."

"No stories now—you know you had."

"No, sir, I never had any pretty, and I don't know what you mean."

"You see what story-tellers these things are, Nelson—they can't tell the truth."

"If you, sir, dad, I'll switch her—that's fetch her."

"Perhaps I shall before I'm done, if she doesn't give me better. Do you know, you creature, that I could put you in prison, for coming here to steal?"

"But I didn't come here to steal—indeed, indeed, I didn't," cried the poor child.

"Why didn't you come in the daytime then? or why did you come here at all?"

"I was so hungry, sir."

"Hungry, were you? Indeed! Are you hungry now?"

"Yes, sir—some—and much."

"Ha! You can't tell a straight story. Where you live?"

"I haven't any home, sir."

"Come! that's likely! If you go on in this way, I shall take Nelson's advice and switch you."

"I guess if dad switches you once, you'll be told to eat the north, and the boy, and the dog down the south, and getting up." Let's see your face," and smiting my fist to her, he pinched her arm.

The unfortunate child uttered a cry of pain, and drew back.

"Stop, and eat the father; "don't you attempt to correct me, Nelson; you are too young. You are too biggar—tell me what you live, this morning."

"I don't live anywhere, sir. I need to live with an old woman, down by the river—but the boat moored, I have to leave her."

"Did you're a runaway, eh?"

"I am away from her, sir."

"I suppose you're a runaway, there, I suppose it's the duty of good citizens to return all the runaways they find. Did what she beat you for?"

"I don't know, sir; I always minded her."

"You were a bad girl, I suppose. What is your name?"

"Eilen, sir."

"Eilen?"

"Eilen Morbury."

"Eilen Morbury, eh? Hum! Have you got a father?"

"No, sir."

"Never had one, maybe," and the witty Deacon laughed at his own joke, and his neighbor joined in, and the two men exchanged the laughs, but because he thought it proper to laugh when his father did. "Never had a father, eh?" pursued the inquisitor.

"Yes, sir," and the recollection caused Eilen to sob hysterically.

"What became of him?"

"He died, sir."

"How? Who has got you a mother?"

"No, sir—he's dead, too."

"What did your father do for a living?"

"He was an artist, sir."

"Where did he live?"

"In Dublin, sir."

"Did he ever live in this country?"

"No, sir—he died on the voyage over."

"Did your mother live here?"

"A little while, sir."

"What did she do for a living?"

"After father died, she made shirts."

"Where did she live?"

"Below near the river, sir."

"How long has your father been dead?"

"Over two years, sir."

"How long has your mother been dead?"

"Most two years, sir."

"Where have you been living since?"

"With the old woman who lived in the same house with my mother."

"What's that now?"

Eilen hesitated, and the Deacon prompted the question.

"I don't like to tell, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"I crawled into an old shed, and laid on some straw."

"Who do you expect to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might take me back."

"No, I shan't trouble myself so much about you; in fact, I believe all you have told me is false. When did you run away?"

"Last Friday yesterday, sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

February 8, 1878.]

keeps him from breaking wholly his bond which binds him to me. It forces him at times to speak as he used to speak; to look at me as he used to look—and so, over and over, hope is revived in my heart, only to die again its first strange, and death.

However, it is silent. What has he to say? He is in that sad hour. "I tell you," she says, rapidly, "it is better not to have such happiness as mine—God grudges it, and makes us pay for it in tenfold times its worth of bitter pain—it is so precious. You can afford to forgive what I have done, since I shall atone for it so terribly."

And, with these words, she leaves him.

CHAPTER XXII.

A day and a night fit rapidly away. It is evening again. Keith and Reine are alone. They are more in their youth than in their manhood. It is the evening of the night fixed upon by the brothers for their departure for New York. They are going on the night mail to Liverpool. There are two hours left to them. Two short, precious hours to be consecrated to last, loving words, to fond, clinging kisses, to last directions given with tears and tears now more desirous with each husband. Stay! let me see how it is. Let us see if this picture is a Reine's fault!

Keith is sitting in Reine's chair, and Reine is kneeling on a footstool beside him. Keith's head leans lastly back against the cushion, and his eyes are fast shut. The was, when, of many weary and failing days, had been no more than that of sitting, and gazing by hours into the depths of Reine's velvet eyes, led by her tender glamour to mystic worlds of romance and dreamy song. But all that is changed now.

"Were they so sweet, those days of old?"

Keith is half asleep, now, with his head against the cushion. In two hours more he will, in all likelihood, be started on a journey, whose ending will have put the width of the broad Atlantic between him and his wife. Meanwhile he sleeps comfortably.

The clock strikes. Keith hears it, and starts up. He yawns, and is about to say something, when a glace at Reine's face checks him.

Her face is very grave. There is a dusky fire in the depths of her wonderful eyes. Her lips are curved softly with a grieved tremor.

Some latent feeling of remorse stirs in Keith's heart, as he witnesses those silent tokens of grief in her subdued expression, and he essayes an effort to comfort her.

"Oh! about the letters, Reine. We have not settled that matter, have we? How many am I to expect from you, by each steamer? A pink envelope for each day, crossed and monogrammed—there's a word for you, and sweet, too!"

"What's that?" she asks.

And he raises her dimpled chin with his long slender finger.

"I shall, without doubt, answer all the letters you send back to me," she answers, unsmilingly.

"Yes, my letters?" He is rather taken aback, but that is quite another thing, you know."

Keith feels that he is treading on dangerous ground. A mine may spring beneath his feet at any moment. Therefore, fearing circumspection, he precipitately changes the subject from sentimental affairs of the heart to the more prosaic topic of eating.

"But what about supper, Reine? Did not the clock strike something near an hour ago?"

Heine walks to the window and looks out. The London lamps are almost suffocated in the yellow fog. The streets are well-nigh deserted. She leans her forehead against the cool glass, feeling inexplicably cold and weary. There is a knock at the door.

"Hark! who is that?" She raises her head, her cheeks kindling. "There is a knock. Who is coming at this hour?"

"That," indifferently, "most likely is Karl. I asked him to come to supper."

Then a collection of sombre energetic directions given him by Reine that mortifying flashes upon his mind: "I asked him in, you know, thinking you might be rather lonely, and a little company would be good for you."

"And I remember telling you, distinctly, to wash my hands before I sat down—" "not to wash my hands in to-night. I told you plainly that I preferred to be alone in these few hours left to me of your society. I wanted no one present to share them—no one!"

She is very pale. Her delicate nostrils expand; tears and anger flush together in her dark eyes, as she turns them on her brother.

"Oh, well, I am sorry. It was to please you, I asked him, or, rather, for your good. I knew you would oppose. But, if you don't like it, I'll tell him to go away. It is not too late yet."

"You need not," she answers, coldly.

She walks over to the mantel, and stands there, proudly silent, as Karl enters.

She is very beautiful, but there is an atmosphere of repressed excitement about her. With the quickness of lightning it flashes upon her that she does not want him here, and he wishes himself, heartily, a thousand miles away.

Karl gives him a warm greeting, though he is not quite so cordial as before. "You have got a strong weakness for being on hand when wanted, I see. By-the-way, Karl, I should like to borrow a little of your punctuality and incorporate it into my business habits."

If Karl at that moment wished had been a little less punctual, Keith has no suspicion of it and goes easily on. Karl is never in trouble of any kind, and his howl was an old man's howl, however far removed from the bustle and bustle of life. He thinks that even a cup of tea with little Marie, before their hotel fire, would be infinitely preferable to this costly affair when no love is.

At last Keith speaks.

"Now as to the master of Reine's going with me, why, my dear boy,

nothing would induce her to cross the Atlantic with me on this wild goose chase; eh, Reine?"

She does not answer, does not lift her eyes.

"Did you say you cared to go?" pursued Karl, smilingly. "If you do, it's not too late yet."

Karl looks supremely puzzled. Reine lifts her head quickly, and a splendid flush of hope makes her face luminous.

"We were never separated before," she says, wistfully; "never, voluntarily. Why should we be now?"

"That's not true! You have that one great desire, above all others, of sticking fast and close." he is apparently unconscious of the hideous blight of his words. "I suppose it is counted a great merit by philanthropists to be constant, like the needle to the pole."

The tender light dies out of Reine's face; the cold, gray look, that has impressed Karl so unpleasantly, comes back to it.

"But then one gets used to separation after awhile," Keith goes on indolently. "It is like the first plunge in a cold bath, not so bad after the first chill; eh, Reine?"

She is silent again, with terrible patience as he still plays fast and loose with her love and her heart. The rest are silent, too. They pick over their fruit, and drink their coffee. The clock ticks the swift moments off. One by one. One by one. How fast they go. They go, they are gone, they will never come back again, Reine! Never!

Keith looks up, suddenly.

"Oh, by the way, there are those telegrams I was to have sent on. They ought to have a good day's start of us, and I forgot all about them. But it is not too late yet, if I make haste."

Keith catches Reine's eye. Something in her look, commanding, commanding, altogether, moves him to immediate action. He rises at once from his chair.

"Give them to me and I will take them out. No—I may have an errand into the street, and can do them all at once. There is ample time."

He goes out and leaves them there to get the return with the indifferent husband. Then, delaying purposely in order to give Reine the full benefit of those few poor, fleeting moments. He guesses how fatally precious they are to her, and so he tramps up and down the walk in the cold London fog. He stretches time to the utmost, and not until his watch assured him that he gave up, very reluctantly, did he turn to his sister Karl unmercifully. Reine is by the table; a glass of wine, as yet unacted, stands by her plate. Her moodily face is drooping upon her hand.

They are sitting very much as he left them. Keith is lying back in his chair, with his eyes shut. Is he sleeping? The light from above shuns full upon his face. It is very handsome, very untroubled in repose, but there is a certain quality of weariness upon it that is striking.

Karl is seated at the table; a glass of wine, as yet unacted, stands by her plate. Her moodily face is drooping upon her hand.

"Time is up!" Karl says, speaking with as much animation as is possible under such depressing circumstances.

"And now, Reine, and I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to be gained."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

"Going, are we? By George! I am afraid I was brute enough to sleep, too, and allow you to draw that long face all alone."

He walks up to Reine, and puts an arm with unusual tenderness about her shoulder. She sits and shivers slightly under his touch.

"Do you know, now that it comes to the pinch, I believe I had a great night's sleep?" she replies, with a smile.

"And now, Reine, and I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to be gained."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

"Going, are we? By George! I am afraid I was brute enough to sleep, too, and allow you to draw that long face all alone."

He walks up to Reine, and puts an arm with unusual tenderness about her shoulder. She sits and shivers slightly under his touch.

"Do you know, now that it comes to the pinch, I believe I had a great night's sleep?" she replies, with a smile.

"And now, Reine, and I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to be gained."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

"Going, are we? By George! I am afraid I was brute enough to sleep, too, and allow you to draw that long face all alone."

He walks up to Reine, and puts an arm with unusual tenderness about her shoulder. She sits and shivers slightly under his touch.

"Do you know, now that it comes to the pinch, I believe I had a great night's sleep?" she replies, with a smile.

"And now, Reine, and I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to be gained."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

"Going, are we? By George! I am afraid I was brute enough to sleep, too, and allow you to draw that long face all alone."

He walks up to Reine, and puts an arm with unusual tenderness about her shoulder. She sits and shivers slightly under his touch.

"Do you know, now that it comes to the pinch, I believe I had a great night's sleep?" she replies, with a smile.

"And now, Reine, and I shall have to hurry you, Keith. There is positively not a moment to be gained."

Keith opens his eyes. He lifts his long leisurely from his chair. He gives himself a slight shake, as he looks around.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY.

BY RODRIGO J.

We walk among our kind, but find no kindred eyes;
With pitying eyes, we fail to find
The good that needs to be seen.

Troth's aspirations die;

That solid arms may live;

The best that life can give.

There is much a good intent;

Fails fruitless to the ground;

Others, though much of good we mean,

Find only ill to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

Find only hate to be done.

One's own heart is full of love;

Others, though full of love,

February 6, 1897.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



THE WISHING HAT.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

There was once a young Count, whose great-grandfather had been a very grand person indeed, with a string of titles to his name of Rufus, as long as your arm. And this great-grandfather, and the grandfather of our young Count, whose name was Rufus also, had all been such very great men, that they never thought of looking after the little things; and so, by little and little, all their money had slipped away from all these great people, until, at last, the young Count had all the title left Rufus enough, to find that to be called Duke of Drumsticks, Marquis of Minicom, and the grandfather of our young Count, whose name was Rufus also, had all been such very great men, that they never thought of looking after the little things; and so, by little and little, all their money had slipped away from all these great people, until, at last,

the children, a little frightened, looked round the room, and said, "There are no wild beasts here."

"Yes, yes, there are. I am sure I was not mistaken. I heard them making a terrible noise; and, besides, I caught a glimpse of two of them just as I came in—they were that instant looking out of their eyes."

"Oh, papa!" cried the children, rushing to the father's side. "How frightened us. What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dears, that there are cruel and savage wild beasts that live in this house, and that they are sometimes let loose, and then they do a great deal of damage. They are kept in hollow and dark caves, and are guarded by a terrible old stone-walled wall, the stones of which are gates which are made to shut closely over them, so that it is not possible for them to get out, unless somebody opens the way."

"Oh, dear!" said the children, almost crying, "what shall we have them in the house? They might get out, you know, and tear us all to pieces."

"I cannot help having them in the house, my dears. I know they may at any time be let out, and I am sure that they were out when I came into this room. They do not look so strong and dangerous as they are, and you may have seen them when you were in the garden, my children, believe me when I tell you, they never grow angry and begin to say anything without opening the entrance to those dark caves where the wild beasts dwell."

The father went out now, and the children did not dare to quarrel any more. Neither did they dare remain any longer in that large, dark, windowless room. How did they know that the mouth of those caves might not be behind the heavy curtains of the windows, or in some of the corners of the room behind the furniture or the pictures. They grew very much afraid, and ran to seek their mother.

"Oh, mother!" said they, "did ever you see the awful wild beasts that live in this house?"

"The awful what?" said the mother, in astonishment.

"The wild beasts. Papa says they live in this house, and that, if we are not pleasant and kind, they will eat us all up."

"What had you been doing, my dears, when he told you so?" asked the mother, suspecting how it was.

The children hung down their heads in silence.

"Where did papa say that the beasts live?"

"In a dark cave," answered Louis.

"He said there were two strong walls, and another wall about them, that they could never open of themselves; but that every time anybody grew cross, and said angry things, you know, the gates flew open, and the beasts came out. Oh, dear! I'm so frightened. Won't you ask the awful wild beasts to move away from this house?"

"Bring back that hat!" screamed the little man. "What are you robbing him of for?"

"Honest man!" answered the Count, laughing. "If the hat is yours, how happened it to be taken off by a boy instead of your head?" And in a spirit of mischief, he put the hat on his own head. "It fits me very well," said he. "I have taken a fancy to the hat, my friend."

"Oh! you make game of me, do you?" cried the little man in a rage, and began to run away.

On the way down, he saw hanging on a bush an old hat, that looked as if it had been dropped there by some poor person passing that way; a scrubby old hat though it looked, but the Count remembered his nurse's saying, and picking it up, put it on his pocket. He quickly had done so, when a very little old man started out from beneath a tree.

"Bring back that hat!" screamed the little man. "What are you robbing him of for?"

"Honest man!" answered the Count, laughing. "If the hat is yours, how happened it to be taken off by a boy instead of your head?" And in a spirit of mischief, he put the hat on his own head. "It fits me very well," said he. "I have taken a fancy to the hat, my friend."

"Oh! you make game of me, do you?" cried the little man in a rage, and began to run away.

That was not much matter, for the Count was an excellent runner; but presently he found that the little man, instead of running on two legs like himself, turned round and round on one leg, and that he could go in that way two miles to the Count's home. More than that, the Count came present to the forest, and there it was very nearly as dark as midnight. He stumbled about, and as he did so, heard the wood-spirits laughing at him.

"A fog here is wonderful bearing of fruit," he said, to himself. "What do you think you will find?"

He had not time to finish the sentence; for the moment he said it, he felt himself lifted up in the air; and clearing the entire forest at one jump, there he was on the other side, walking along the road that led to the city.

"That is very odd," he said, to himself. "All sorts of wild beasts come out to bite and to devour him." The Count was thinking of the moment he said it, he felt himself lifted up in the air; and clearing the entire forest at one jump, there he was on the other side, walking along the road that led to the city.

"This is wonderful," cried the Count; "but since it costs so little, I wish also for some salmon, of which I am very fond, a dish of partridge and a basket of fruit."

Instantly the boughs of the tree under which he was standing bent down to ward him, and he saw hanging from them, salmon, baskets of fruit, and partridges.

"Hail! here is wonderful bearing of fruit," said the Count, laughing. "If the trees do such things in the winter, what would they not yield in the summer?"

But all this time it never came into his stupid pate that the old hat on his head had anything to do with these wonders. When he had eaten and drunk to his satisfaction, he said to himself, "I wish I knew which of the two roads at the angle these leads to Court."

Out walked a squirrel from among some trees.

"Take the road to the right!" said the squirrel, scampering up the tree.

The Count stared after him, with his mouth so wide open that Master Squirrel might have jumped down, if he chose.

"Why, the squirrel spoke rather than I should have done with such a fine horn, and how I looked! I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent at Court."

Out walked a squirrel from among some trees.

"Take the road to the right!" said the squirrel, scampering up the tree.

The Count stared after him, with his mouth so wide open that Master Squirrel might have jumped down, if he chose.

"Why, the squirrel spoke rather than I should have done with such a fine horn, and how I looked! I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent at Court."

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

THE WILD BEASTS.

BY LOUIE BROWN.

"Tut, tut, my dears," said the father, coming suddenly into the room where Louis and Jamie were violently disputing, "what have you let out the wild beasts for? Catch them quickly—this minute—or there is no telling what they will do."

The children, a little frightened, looked round the room, and said, "There are no wild beasts here."

"Yes, yes, there are. I am sure I was not mistaken. I heard them making a terrible noise; and, besides, I caught a glimpse of two of them just as I came in—they were that instant looking out of their eyes."

"Oh, papa!" cried the children, rushing to the father's side. "How frightened us. What do you mean?"

"I mean, my dears, that there are cruel and savage wild beasts that live in this house, and that they are sometimes let loose, and then they do a great deal of damage. They are kept in hollow and dark caves, and are guarded by a terrible old stone-walled wall, the stones of which are gates which are made to shut closely over them, so that it is not possible for them to get out, unless somebody opens the way."

"Oh, dear!" said the children, almost crying, "what shall we have them in the house? They might get out, you know, and tear us all to pieces."

"I cannot help having them in the house, my dears. I know they may at any time be let out, and I am sure that they were out when I came into this room. They do not look so strong and dangerous as they are, and you may have seen them when you were in the garden, my children, believe me when I tell you, they never grow angry and begin to say anything without opening the entrance to those dark caves where the wild beasts dwell."

The father went out now, and the children did not dare to quarrel any more. Neither did they dare remain any longer in that large, dark, windowless room. How did they know that the mouth of those caves might not be behind the heavy curtains of the windows, or in some of the corners of the room behind the furniture or the pictures. They grew very much afraid, and ran to seek their mother.

"I cannot help having them in the house, my dears. I know they may at any time be let out, and I am sure that they were out when I came into this room. They do not look so strong and dangerous as they are, and you may have seen them when you were in the garden, my children, believe me when I tell you, they never grow angry and begin to say anything without opening the entrance to those dark caves where the wild beasts dwell."

The father went out now, and the children hung down their heads in silence.

"Where did papa say that the beasts live?"

"In a dark cave," answered Louis.

"He said there were two strong walls, and another wall about them, that they could never open of themselves; but that every time anybody grew cross, and said angry things, you know, the gates flew open, and the beasts came out. Oh, dear! I'm so frightened. Won't you ask the awful wild beasts to move away from this house?"

"Bring back that hat!" screamed the little man. "What are you robbing him of for?"

"Honest man!" answered the Count, laughing. "If the hat is yours, how happened it to be taken off by a boy instead of your head?" And in a spirit of mischief, he put the hat on his own head. "It fits me very well," said he. "I have taken a fancy to the hat, my friend."

"Oh! you make game of me, do you?" cried the little man in a rage, and began to run away.

That was not much matter, for the Count was an excellent runner; but presently he found that the little man, instead of running on two legs like himself, turned round and round on one leg, and that he could go in that way two miles to the Count's home. More than that, the Count came present to the forest, and there it was very nearly as dark as midnight. He stumbled about, and as he did so, heard the wood-spirits laughing at him.

"This is wonderful," cried the Count; "but since it costs so little, I wish also for some salmon, of which I am very fond, a dish of partridge and a basket of fruit."

Instantly the boughs of the tree under which he was standing bent down to ward him, and he saw hanging from them, salmon, baskets of fruit, and partridges.

"Hail! here is wonderful bearing of fruit," said the Count, laughing. "If the trees do such things in the winter, what would they not yield in the summer?"

But all this time it never came into his stupid pate that the old hat on his head had anything to do with these wonders. When he had eaten and drunk to his satisfaction, he said to himself, "I wish I knew which of the two roads at the angle these leads to Court."

Out walked a squirrel from among some trees.

"Take the road to the right!" said the squirrel, scampering up the tree.

The Count stared after him, with his mouth so wide open that Master Squirrel might have jumped down, if he chose.

"Why, the squirrel spoke rather than I should have done with such a fine horn, and how I looked! I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent at Court."

Out walked a squirrel from among some trees.

"Take the road to the right!" said the squirrel, scampering up the tree.

The Count stared after him, with his mouth so wide open that Master Squirrel might have jumped down, if he chose.

"Why, the squirrel spoke rather than I should have done with such a fine horn, and how I looked! I have not seen myself since I left home, and one wishes to be decent at Court."

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

Instantly pranced out a horse from among the trees, saddled and bridled, and ready to mount.

At the same instant he heard some rustling overhead. "Did you ever see such a shocking old hat—there he is!"

The Count pulled off the hat, and threw it in the road.

"I can wish for a fine new one," said he.

"But no, you can't," cried the little man on one leg, who was jumping around him. "That was the Wishing-hat, and you have thrown it away!"

"Oh, dear! Why did not my nurse tell me?" lamented this hoody of a Count. "But I shall know better next time!"

SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DODDARD.

We're in the market—Sally and I—are there no longer waiting to buy?

None who have wisdom enough to discern

</div

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

February 6, 1876.

WRONG FROM THE GRAVE;

The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODRUFF.

[This serial was commenced in No. 1, Vol. 1, and has been continued in Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 999, 1000, 1001, 1002, 1003, 1004, 1005, 1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(February 4, 1873.)



Knowing nothing relating exclusively to our
business in this department, it is left to
the mercantile editor, should be addressed to
"Madame," "Baroness," "Dame," &c.

We have received some pretty patterns of suits for little girls and boys, some of which we will describe for the benefit of the numerous young ones among our readers. Two sets of apparel, especially designed in the shape of the little girls having prettiness for both sexes. There is much that is pretty in the different modes of trimming these little suits. To commence with the little girls, of course.

A costume of gray velveteen was cut all in one piece, with a double row of buttons down the front to the bottom of the skirt. The back was in two pieces, skirt and body; the latter fitted to the figure, and had side-tucks. The skirt was put on in large back plates; the joining of the skirt to the waist finished by a belt, to which, besides, were attached at the sides two long tabs which reached the inner folds. A deep cut collar, and square, upturned cuffs upon the coat sleeves, trimmed with a blue band of gros-grain-colored faille, stitched down on each side with gray silk, completed the costume. A band of the faille was placed down each side of the front, and fastened with a bow. A wide band of gros-grain-colored silk of the same color was laid in folds around the waist, and tied in a bow knot behind.

A street suit for a little boy was of flannel-colored cloth, cut in the front like a loose jacket, with a double row of buttons down the front to the bottom of the skirt. Large square pockets were placed on each side of the front. The back bias was full, and laid in deep back plates, confined at the waist with a band of the material, bordered and trimmed with black mohabé braid, and ornamented with a decorative white brocade. The same braid borders the skirt at the front around the pockets, the deep-pointed cuffs of the sleeves, and the pointed collar about the neck; four rows around each.

A street costume for a little girl of eight or nine was of dark blue velveteen or camel's hair serge. The back was plain, with two bands of gray faille. The same for trimming the neck of the dress, around the shoulders, also, to simulate a cape, and at the wrists, extending up the outer seam of the sleeves, until it nearly reached the elbow. The overskirt was a bold round "puff," with a simple bias facing, and material across the waist, and bottom, with gray faille, each of gray faille, striped with fine close stripes of dark blue; each of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with three bands of the gray faille; hat of dark blue faille, turned up at all round, edged with a fold of gray velvet, and with two tips, one blue, the other gray, falling over the back.

A costume of olive-colored faille was made in this manner:

The underskirt was quite long and full—it was intended for house wear, not the promenade—a row of knife-blade pinstripes was put around the bottom, then a span of six or eight inches, and another row, but in the same pinstripe; another span, and a shirring of the silk divided into two parts, with a ruffle top and bottom.

The overskirt was long in the front, and rounded with a knife-blade placket at the bottom; it was drawn tightly away towards the back, so as to leave a smooth surface formed by the underskirt being drawn up by two very large bows of full ribbons, fully nine or ten inches wide. Down each side, over the apron, was placed a straight width of the faille, laid in deep kiss plates, reaching to the top of the underskirt, and ending in a placket. The waist was trimmed with a profusion, and a blue band of the same, which passed over the shoulders in the form of shoulder-straps. A pleated ruff, six inches deep, was attached to a belt, and worn to simulate the skirt of a bonnet. A longitudinal puffing extended from the waist of the overskirt, to a pleated ruff laid over the underskirt. A bow of faille was placed on the outer seam, just above the ruff. A high round collar, set low down in a V shape at the back of the neck, ended in double ruffles over the bust.

Another suit of silk and cambric, the waist and underskirt the upper portion, was made with the front, waist, and in straight full pleat, the back buttoned with two rows of knife-blade placket.

The overskirt of cambric, opened down the front, and was shirred into a band, which was covered with a knife-blade placket of the silk; this last was ornamented with a band of the same, the same skirt, and on each side of the back, was also cut open, and afterwards caught together with two bows of the silk. The buste fitted closely, and had the two tabs at the back, turned over in the form of revers, and caught together by a band of faille ribbons, and the underskirt drawn over the hips, and had each a square pocket upon it. Round standing collar, ending in revers, and a double bow of full ribbons.

A hat of gray faille, with a deep upturned rim of black velvet, was trimmed at the left side with a broad band of gray velvet, and a bell-shaped feather bird, while on the crown fell a long gray ostrich plume, and in front a small ostrich tip of black feathers. Next to the hair, under the rim, was placed a yard of gray twill silk, tied at the left side in a double bow.

COATS AND JACKETS.

Woolen-chested and ornamented slippers, with wickedly high heels, are on sale for the houses. Some come up very high on the instep, others are cut open, and looped on either side, and caught together again just above the instep with buckles of pearl, steel, fire gilt.

Little girls' coats and jackets are worn in the hair, upon the breast, or in the folds of one's stockings. Vests, surrounded by their own leaves, and perfumed so naturally that it is hard to distinguish them from real blossoms. Rose buds, jessamine and heliotrope also perfumed. Those for the hands are attached to the fingers.

Hannocks of fine sheer linen can be cut round instead of square, and embroidered above the hem with an arabesque of mingled sash and pale blue, are very stylish for morning and the promenade. The muslin is to be in the center, also cream and blue.

Blouses are out in favor, also high waist, and at the back, and with buckles in front.

Frothy sets for morning wear of linen, signed with Irish graphics, the collars

opening low down upon the bosom and with a blue or pink bow fast, are among the novelties.

Blouses for babies or very small children are made of alternate stripes of gros-grain ribbon, an inch wide, and Valentine-colored insertion. Wide Valentine-colored edges the outer.

Pale pink coral, combined with pearl and silver, in Harcourt grid, is very fashionable. Small pendants of coral and gold fringe the bracelet and earnings.

The newest sealine turban is high, and indented down the middle. Linen and lawn neckties, embroidered in colors, are considered elegant for morning wear abroad.

One thing in keeping is to have the monogram or a word, such as "Famous," "Amelia," "Mischa," in raised letters of frizzled silver or red gold upon the yellow Etruscan surface.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. R. H. (Clarendon, W. Va.) sent me a post-exp., 6th inst. Hope you received it safely.

Miss E. C. H.—You can have the hair back dyed to any shade you desire.

Ernest L.—Dark violet colored velvet combined with pale blue faille, would be very stylish, and, without doubt, a becoming costume for your style of beauty.

Miss R. G.—We have several new patterns for children's suits. The kilts shall be for little girls to be the universal style. Very elaborate dressing in pink and white will be in good taste for the little maidens now.

Answerer D.L.—You are correct in saying our "sters and relatives" designs are French. We have the very best and latest advices concerning the modes every week from Paris. We are very careful to quote from home but the most reliable authority.

LOVE'S REASONS.

BY E. L. WALLACE.

"Tell me the reason?"—May, my sweet—
As far as the world goes,
As far as I care, well I care,
Love and logic fit again!

Love has reasons, all his own,
Were he willing to confess,
He'd tell you all he's got,
Saying, obviously, "I love this person."

Well he knows, though to many seem—
All his reasons good and strong;
Something other than love need
To make him comprehend me.

"I am only given me thirty!" cried the excellent woman, "and part of that is to pay my gas bill, and part of that is to buy my clothes, and part of that is to have a scarf, and in the next place, I don't tie it, but fasten it with a gold pin."

"Well, all I can say is," rejoined his wife, "that you spend an unnecessary amount of time before the glass in pinning up your cravat."

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed,

"what an inventive faculty you possess!"

It is a wonder that you have never written a romance, or a play, or a poem,

"I don't write," he said, "but I do draw."

"I am sure I don't know what you mean by 'knick-knack,'" he said.

"I am very far from particular whether you do or not," he replied. "I've said it, and I'll hold to it—knick-knack—now, then."

"I must have ten dollars more before you give me, dear," said Mrs. Jones, paying no attention to the last remark.

"I had almost forgotten that I had promised to settle the grocery bill to-day."

"There it is again!" he exclaimed,

"money! money!" This is the third time I have been obliged this morning to take out of my pocket book as five or six money.

If I remain here much longer, I may have enough left to ride down in the cars with. Here are ten dollars; take them, and don't ask for any more. Good-bye, my dove!"

"Good-bye," she replied. "Oh, dear—out—calling him back; "I wish you would call at Madam —, select a hand again." Then I cover you with my coat, and the first movement that I do not order will bring death upon you. You are armed?"

"No, no," she said, smiling. "And, dearest, come home early, for I shall have a nice dinner for you. Don't forget the bouquet, though!" she added, as he went out of the door.

Mr. Jones bought the bouquet!

MONETEY MONEY!

BY J. C. P.

"I had almost forgotten to ask you," said Miss Jones, in her most amiable tone, as Mr. Jones drew on his gloves, preparing to fly his departure for business, "for some time."

"Almost," he exclaimed, "it would be very difficult to make me believe that, for I have only 'money' in your eyes, and on the tip of your tongue, for the last hour. But why you don't ask for it because you are so poor, I can imagine. If there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to be asked for money after I get on my gloves."

"Then why, if you saw so clearly that I wanted none, did you not offer it to me?" he said his wife.

"The truth is, I didn't know you had no money, and I often go without any, rather than speak to you on the subject," he said.

"Why didn't you do so to-day?" he inquired.

"This way for the Palmer House!" A free ride!"

Such was the cry that fell upon my ear as I alighted from the train at the crowded and bustling depot.

It was night, and I was a stranger in the city—a countryman, and, to tell the truth, a trifle afraid.

The Palmer House I knew to be a first-class hotel, and to none other did I wish to go.

"I'm never mind about the children's dresses," he answered, "let them go. But what makes the gas bill so high this quarter?"

"I really do not know," his wife replied, "but I have to be, because you have had great deal of money lately, and I have been up late at night writing."

"Palace!" he exclaimed, "that won't account for it. I believe the servants burn it late; and so they do, it is your fault."

"I do not think, my dear, that the servants are at all wasteful of it."

"Very necessary to me to have some. Not only have I the gas bill to pay—which is higher than last quarter—but I have to pay the hotel bill, and the room rent."

"This way for the Palmer House," said he, a hawk, now directly addressing me.

The carriage-door was invitingly open.

I was tired, hungry, and anxious to get into comfortable quarters.

I entered the vehicle, and caught the reins of the horses, which supported my weary frame, and gave me at the same time a sense of the most luxurious repose.

"I will only have to spring from the vehicle when we reach the hotel," I said, "and enter, register, and go at once to my room and to bed. Hungry I am, but no supper to-night for me."

"There it is again!" he exclaimed,

"money! money!" It is always money with you women. Well, how much do you want? Come, don't keep me standing here forever, when you know I'm in a hurry."

"Can you spare me fifty dollars?" she asked.

"No," he answered.

"Twenty-five then?" she suggested.

"Scarcely," he replied; "but there are fifteen, and now, don't ask for it again."

"I'll tell you what I will do," I said, "go directly down to the taxi Office, and enter a complaint about the meter."

He put his hat on his bosom, and drew a pistol, but he had no opportunity to cock and present it. He could only tap it as I had commanded.

"Now, now, you bowsie, carry that, I said.

That also was thrown from him.

"Now I will get up," I said.

I do so, keeping my pistol turned upon him, ready to fire at the first hostile demonstration he might make.

I took the vehicle to stand.

"Now drive back to the city," I ordered, sternly.

Completely cowed and mastered, the wretch obeyed.

I said nothing more to him, I did not speak with him with triumph. But when we reached the city I delivered him to the police, telling the story of my adventure and escape.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.

At the trial of the driver I appeared against him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him convicted. The penitentiary received him, but his confederate avoided it.